



SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1910.

HIS COURAGE AS WHITE AS HIS SKIN IS BLACK.

There is Nothing of the "Yellow" About Johnson. Jeff's Master at All Times.

BY MIKE MURPHY.

Reno, July 4.—I have no pleasure in saying, "I told you so." I picked the winner, and my judgment that Jeffries was not in shape to cope with this wonderful Negro has been indicated, but like all Americans who admire Jeffries, I cannot but feel the deepest regret over his downfall. It is a pity that he allowed them to bring him back in the ring to meet a man who was his master in every particular. And yet it is not fair to permit this sentiment to take from Johnson one iota of the credit that is his. It must be remembered that he has beaten fairly the man who has been acclaimed the greatest fighting man the world ever knew, and he did it fairly and squarely, absolutely on his merits.

Regret over the defeat of the white gladiator should not let anyone commit the unsportsmanlike fault of denying to Johnson the glory that is his. He is a real champion, a phenomenon, and for the first time he showed the world just how good he is.

HAS NOT A MARK.

I have just left Johnson. He has not a single mark. He came out of the contest as though he had never had a glove on. And I have to give him the credit that he is not chasty over his victory. In fact, I was surprised at his modest bearing. And yet there is no cheering in Reno. Everything is gloom and gloom. The boiler maker, who has ended his ring career, that had previously been unmarred by even a knockdown, in defeat and humiliation.

And yet there is no doubt that the best man won. Jeffries was never in the fight from the very beginning. He hardly landed a good blow in the entire fight. Johnson was his smiling, taunting master at all times. In fact there never has been a greater display of superiority. Johnson really overmatched him. He had Jeffries spitting blood early in the going, and from the way he went around the conqueror of Fitzsimmons, Corbett, Rubin and Sharkey, one might have thought that Jeffries was a novice pitted against a top notcher. It was a square standup fight all the time, and to the credit of both men he it said that there was no shadow of faking nor was there a hint of foul fighting. Neither man tried to take any improper advantage, and Jeffries, even after he must have known that defeat was certain still retained his head, and made no attempt at anything dirty.

ALWAYS HIS MASTER.

Both in fighting and at long range Johnson had the mastery all the time and took it all so easy that it seemed like a joke for him.

I wonder now what some of those people think who contended that Johnson lacked the courage to stand up and take the gaff. They were poor prophets. There is nothing yellow about this champion. His courage is as white as his skin is black. I felt this right along, too, for, as I have said before, Johnson did not act to me like the kind of a man who is a quitter. Johnson actually made fun of Jeff's attempts to hit him, and it was with a purpose, for as time went on and Jeff saw that he could not reach his opponent, that he was like a trained boxer the boiler maker became desperate, fought wild and really decreased his chances.

Jeffries could not withstand the awful left of the Negro. It had been said by many that while Johnson had a good right, his left was no good. This was not borne out to-day. Every time that Jeffries came in Johnson was there with that awful jolting left, and poor Jeff was gradually battered into submission.

It was with a left uppercut that Johnson nearly put him out in the eleventh. Again in the thirteenth, he nearly had him. Jeffries had based his hope on getting at Johnson's stomach. Futile efforts. Every time he worked his left for the Johnson punch the Johnson arms were there. That black guard was impregnable, a marvel.

Johnson demonstrated that he is a fighter as well as boxer. In fact, I should say that he was twice as good a fighter as boxer, for he displayed in marked degree the qualifications of the fighting man. He kept his head, and his courage was right at all times. He did what he set out to do and did it well, and it will be a man a day before they can get a man to beat him.

The crowd was as fair as it could be. Just as I knew they would be both from what I had seen of the sports here, and from my knowledge that Reno has a man for a sheriff, who had determined on the fairest kind of fair play.

PITIABLE SPECTACLE.

I had a good chance to look at Jeffries after he left the ring. He was a pitiable spectacle. His right eye is closed, and he is badly marked up in the face. Otherwise, he is not seriously injured, and the most talked of fight for many years comes to a finish without serious damage being done to either of the contestants.

During the closing rounds, Jeffries was constantly spitting blood, and this bothered him quite a little. It is a very sickening thing to the stomach to have the blood flow from the mouth, but it is probable that, try as he would, Jeff could not help swallowing some of it.

Jeffries went through the fight in fairly good shape. I do not think

that his confidence really began to fail him until about the seventh round. Then he seemed to begin to realize that he had a tough job on hand. His wind was good, but I am convinced that the fat under the abdominal muscles, to which I called attention in a previous story, was there, and did its deadly work in lessening his vitality. In fact, it is useless to deny that Jeffries was only a shell, only a shade of his former self. As for hitting the black champion, he might as well have taken a crack at the moon. When he rushed he left himself open for that terrible left, while the colored man could land anywhere he wanted, always took time, and never left an opening for the boiler-maker to take advantage of. In fact, it was perhaps the most one-sided fight on record for a world's championship.

Bitest of all in Jeffries's case was the thought that he had failed to take the kind of advice that might have enabled him to win or at least to give a harder battle.

Beat Jeffries With Stomach Blows.

BY JACK JOHNSON.

My battle with Mr. Jeffries turned out just as I predicted it would. When the match was first made. At no time during my training did I feel that Jeff would give a tough argument, and after we had fought the first round I was positive that he was my man.

They talked about his great strength in the papers day after day. They said he would pull me around the ring and handle me like a child, but I fooled them. He was not stronger than I was. In fact, I had little trouble in handling him in the clinches.

STOMACH PUNCHES DID IT.

It was in the clinches that I hurt him most, and the stomach punches I landed at close quarters were the ones that told the story. When he came at me I waited for his rushes, and when clinched I found it an easy matter to pull my left hand loose and hook him on the head and body without ever taking a chance of getting a return. His punches appeared slow to me, and with the exception of a few left jabs that I happened to overlook, he never hurt me in the least. Most of his attempts for the body caught me on one side, where they were not blocked. My arms are all sore to the elbows from taking his drives there, but I would much rather have them there than where they were meant for.

JEFFRIES WAS GAME.

Yes, you can say for me that Jeffries is a game man and no mistake. I had him beaten long before the finish, and he knew it; but he was always ready to take a chance. Many times after the first round I could see fire in his eyes, as he rushed at me with both hands. He was desperate and was taking a long chance in dropping me with a punch. I discouraged him by standing still and taking the blows on the arms, and then returning with hard uppercuts on his bad right eye. I think that took the confidence out of him, when he began to feel the eye closing. His punches were getting weaker and less accurate after I had the eye damaged, and instead of being aggressive and willing he was satisfied to try and block my blows.

HIT JEFF WHEN HE PLEASED.

Jeffries figured that he was going to get hit before he went into the ring. He knew that I would beat him up and around the face, but his battles with Corbett and Fitzsimmons were fresh in his memory then, but he didn't figure on my strength and ability to keep it up. Jeff had an idea that he could beat me down after I had had my rally. He thought I would be easy after a few rounds, and that with his bull dog rushes he would take me off my feet. I fooled him though, and when he started to make his run I met him with all force and pegged him whenever and wherever I pleased. As I said before, when Jeff grew a bit tired he was as easy to hit as any man I ever faced. Why, in the twelfth round I sort of got tired hitting him and really felt sorry for him. He was game and took all I handed out, and when he began to totter around and stagger from the jabs I knew he would not go much further.

Jeff was bleeding badly from the nose and mouth, and was a badly beaten man when I finished him. Just as in the Ketchel go, I did the most damaging work with the left and with the same left hook that loosened Jeff's teeth that rooted up Ketchel's.

KNOCKED JEFF OUT TWICE.

There was no chance for Jeff to stand up under those last punches. I put all the force I had in them, and they landed clean. The first one caught him under the chin, and he fell like a dog. He was hurt, but still had strength enough to get up on one knee. He was helpless when he got up, though, and I measured him again with the left, catching him flush on the mouth and putting him through the ropes. When he was pushed back into the ring I saw he was done. He coughed out some teeth and set himself to start in again. He couldn't see clearly, and when I feinted he dropped his guard for an instant, just long enough for me to send in another left that sent him to the mat. The referee started to count over him, and as he tolled off the last two seconds Sam Berger jumped into the ring and picked Jeff up.

Jeff was counted out by rights when he was knocked through the ropes. Rickard had just finished counting him out when he got back in a standing position again, but as long as his seconds wanted him to take another chance, I said nothing. I gave him plenty of time to call it off, and even appealed to his hand-ers, but they only scowled at me and yelled at Jeff to take another chance. He did, and it was his finish. Jeff might train again and beat all the other fellows in the ring to-day, and I think he can, but he will never

FIGURE IT OUT



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beat me the longest day he lives.

WILL REST A YEAR.

I hope my friends all had a good bet on me, for that price was awfully sweet. And what will all those people say now that were hollering "fake"? I wanted to prove to the world that I was the master of Jeffries, and I did. It burns or any of the others want a chance now they can have it, but not for some time. I am going to take a long rest and then fill a few theatrical engagements. It will be close to a year before I get in the ring again, but when I do, my opponent will have to be figured to have a chance with me and the money will have to be in sight.

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VIRGINIA:
In the Law and Equity Court, City of Richmond, this 4th day of June, 1910.

John S. Stewart, - - - Plaintiff
vs. - - - In Chancery.
Maggie Stewart, - - - Defendant

OBJECT.

The object of this suit is to obtain a divorce a vinculo matrimonii from the defendant. And an affidavit having been made and filed that the defendant Maggie Stewart is a non-resident of the State of Virginia, it is ordered that she appear here within fifteen days after the due publication of this order and do whatever is necessary to protect her interest herein.

A Copy—Teste:

P. P. WINSTON, Clerk.
J. Henry Crutchfield, p. q.
To Maggie Stewart,—

You'll take notice that I shall on the 21st day of July, 1910, at the office of Phil B. Shield, Room Numbered 60, Chamber of Commerce building, situated southwest corner Ninth and Main Streets in the City of Richmond, Va., between the hours of 9 o'clock A. M. and 6 o'clock P. M. of that day proceed to take the depositions of witnesses to be read as evidence in my behalf in a certain suit in chancery depending in the Law and Equity Court, for the City of Richmond, Va., wherein you are defendant, and I am plaintiff, and if for any cause the taking of the said depositions be not commenced on that day, or if commenced, be not concluded on that day, the taking of the same will be adjourned and continued from day to day, or from time to time at the same place and between the same hours until the same shall have been completed.

Respectfully,
JOHN S. STEWART,
By Counsel.

J. Henry Crutchfield, p. q.
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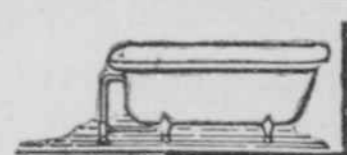
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